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## A Capital Idea

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*College of DuPage*

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# Poetry

## Fantasy

*Come with me sweet stranger  
to a far and distant land,  
We shall ride the unicorns  
across the silver sand.*

*On winged' stallions  
we shall fly  
above a purple mist  
and land within a sheltered grove  
that only sunlight kissed.  
The dawn will see us lying there  
upon our clover bed,  
The shy and gentle morning sky  
will find us Eros-fed.*

*Our enchanged world of dreams  
will know not guilt nor pain,  
we shall walk barefoot through these hills,  
and run naked through the rain.*

Reggie Murphy

## A Capital Idea

*Idaho,  
where Execution  
is a natural right.  
Can't afford a permanent structure,  
so look for  
a cattle shed  
or a mobile home  
to do them in*

Lee Kesselman

## Self-Awareness

*Lately,  
there's been an  
empty chair next  
to me.  
And for some reason  
I smile at it  
as if  
there was someone  
there.  
To tell you the truth  
there has been.  
A real good friend of mine.*

Joan Leindecker

## Introspection

*I am searching  
the corridors of my mind;  
searching for answers  
that may be difficult to find.  
The corridors darken,*

*The corridors darken,  
for fear of what an open door  
might reveal.  
Even more obscured, then,  
is what a closed door  
does conceal...  
Darkness results from fear.*

*Darkness results from fear.  
Locks and hinges  
begin rusting, too.  
Illumination occurs with courage,  
as open doors likewise do.*

*I am searching for answers  
that may be difficult to find;  
searching behind doors  
throughout corridors,  
obscured by my own mind.*

## Stormin

*A sudden summer storm,  
And I lay safe and warm.  
My thoughts caressing you —  
Wherever you may be.*

*For so long,  
I've sang my love song  
Of me and you; of something borrowed,  
Something blue.*

*I smile now,  
Feeling the warmth of your love somehow.  
A summer storm, and I —  
So very, very warm.*

Jerome A. Atkinson

## Laura's Eyes

*When after a soft kiss or embrace,  
I look up and see your face.*

*I'm taken in by what I see,  
those eyes that look back at me.*

*Not only are they too good to be true,  
but they are the most amazing blue.*

*How I long to hold you close,  
so I can see what I miss most.*

*The color stolen from the sky,  
and placed so gently in each eye.*

Christopher R. Dorris

## A Dream

*How do you bury a  
dream?*

*Banish it from heart and mind  
and say,  
"Begone."*

*Were it a sudden fancy or a whim,  
it's demise would be sure and swift.*

*But too long my heart has  
nurtured it.*

*My dream  
like a kite  
has flown heavenward,  
for prayers keep earnest  
dreams alive.*

*"Just cut the string"  
is your advice?*

*I'll do just that —  
but it's my heart-strings  
that hold it tight.*

Mae R. Mortensen